AN

EXCLAMATION

Againſt JULIAN,

Secretary to the Muſes;

With the Character of a

LIBELLER.

By a Perſon of Quality.

THou Common Shore of this Poetick Town,
Where all our Excrements of Wit are thrown;
For Sonnet, Satyr, Bawdry, Blaſphemy,
Are empty'd and disburthen'd all on thee:
The Cholerick wight, untruſſing in a rage,
Finds thee, and leaves his load upon thy page.
Thou, *Julian*, (Oh, thou wiſe *Veſpaſian* rather!)
Doſt from this Dung thy well-pick'd Guineys gather.
All miſchief's thine: Tranſcribing thou wilt ſtoop
From lofty *Middleſex*, to lowly *Scroop*.
What times are theſe, when, in that *Hero*'s room
Bow-bending *Cupid* doth with Ballads come,
And little *Aſhton* offers to the Bum?
Can two ſuch *Pigmies* ſuch a wight ſupport?
Two ſuch *Tom Thumbs* of *Satyr* in a Court!
Poor *George* grows old; his Muſe worn out of faſhion;
Hoarſly ſhe ſung *Euphelia*'s Lamentation:
Leſs art thou helpt by *Dryden*'s Bed-rid Age;
That Drone has left his Sting upon the Stage.

Reſolve

Reſolve me, poor Apoſtate, this main Doubt;
What hope haſt thou to rub this Summer out?
Know, and be thankful then; for Providence,
By me, has ſent thee this Intelligence:
A Knight there is, if thou canſt gain his Grace,
Known by the Name of the *Hard-favour'd Face*;
For Proweſs of the Pen renown'd is he;
From *Don Quixot* deſcended lineally:
And though, like him, unfortunate he prove,
Undaunted in Attempts of Wit and Love.
Of his unfiniſh'd Face, what ſhall I ſay,
But that 'twas made of *Adam*'s own Red Clay;
That much, much Oker was on it beſtow'd?
God's Image 'tis not, but ſome *Indian* God:
Our Chriſtian Earth can no reſemblance bring
But Ware of *Portugal* for ſuch a thing.
Such Carbuncles his fiery Face confeſs,
As no *Hungarian* Water can redreſs.
A Face which ſhould he ſee-But Heav'n was kind,
And, to indulge his Self-love, made him blind.
He dares not ſtir abroad, for fear to meet
Curſes of teeming Women in the ſtreet:
The leaſt could happen from that hidious ſight,
Is, that they ſhould miſcarry with the fright;
Heav'n guard 'em from the likeneſs of the Knight!
Such is our charming *Strephon*'s outward man:
His inward parts, Let thoſe deſcribe who can;
But, by the monthly flow'rs diſcharg'd abroad,
'Tis full, brim full of Paſtoral and Ode.
Frewhile he honour'd *Bertha* with his flame;
And now, he courts no leſs *Louiſa's* Name:
For, when his Paſſion has been boiling long,
The ſcum at laſt boils up into a Song:

And ſure no mortal creature, at one time,
Was e're ſo far o'regone with Love and Rhyme.
To his dear ſelf of Poetry he talks;
His hands and feet are ſcanning as he walks:
His ſquinting look his pangs of Wit accuſe:
The very ſymptoms of a breeding Muſe:
And all to gain the great *Louiſa*'s grace;
But never Pen did pimp for ſuch a Face.
There's not a Nymph, in City, Town, or Court,
But *Strephon*'s *Billet Doux*'s have made ſport:
Still he Loves on; yet ſtill as ſure to miſs
As they who waſh an *Æthiop*'s face, or his.
What fate unhappy *Strephon* does attend,
Never to get a Miſtreſs, or a Friend?
Strephon alike both Wits and Fools deteſt;
Becauſe, like *Æſop*'s Bat, half Bird, half Beaſt.
For Fools, to Poetry have no pretence;
And common Wit ſuppoſes common Senſe:
Not quite ſo low as Fools, nor quite o'top;
But hangs between 'em both, and is a Fop.
His Morals, like his Wit, are motly too:
He keeps from arrant Knave, with much ado;
But Vanity and Lying ſo prevail,
That one grain more of each would turn the ſcale.
He would be more a Villain, had he time;
But he's ſo wholly taken up with Rhyme,
That he miſtakes his Talent: all his care
Is to be thought a Poet, fine, and fair.
Small Beer and Gruel, are his meat and drink;
The Diet he preſcribes himſelf, to think.
Rhyme next his heart he takes at morning peep;
Some Love-Epiſtles at his hour of ſleep:

So,

So, between Elegy and Ode, we see
Strephon is in a course of Poetry.
This is the Man ordain'd to do thee good;
The Pelican, to feed thee with his Blood:
Thy Wit, thy Poet; nay, thy Friend; for he
Is fit to be a Friend to none, but Thee.
Make sure of him, and of his Muse, betimes;
For all his Study is hung round with Rhymes:
Laugh at him, justle him, yet still he writes;
In Rhyme he Challenges, in Rhyme he Fights:
Charg'd with the last, and basest Infamy,
His business is to think what Rhymes to Lye;
Which found, in fury he retorts again.
Strephon's a very *Dragon* at his Pen:
His Brother murdred, and his Mother whor'd,
his Mistress lost; yet still his Pen's his Sword.

FINIS.